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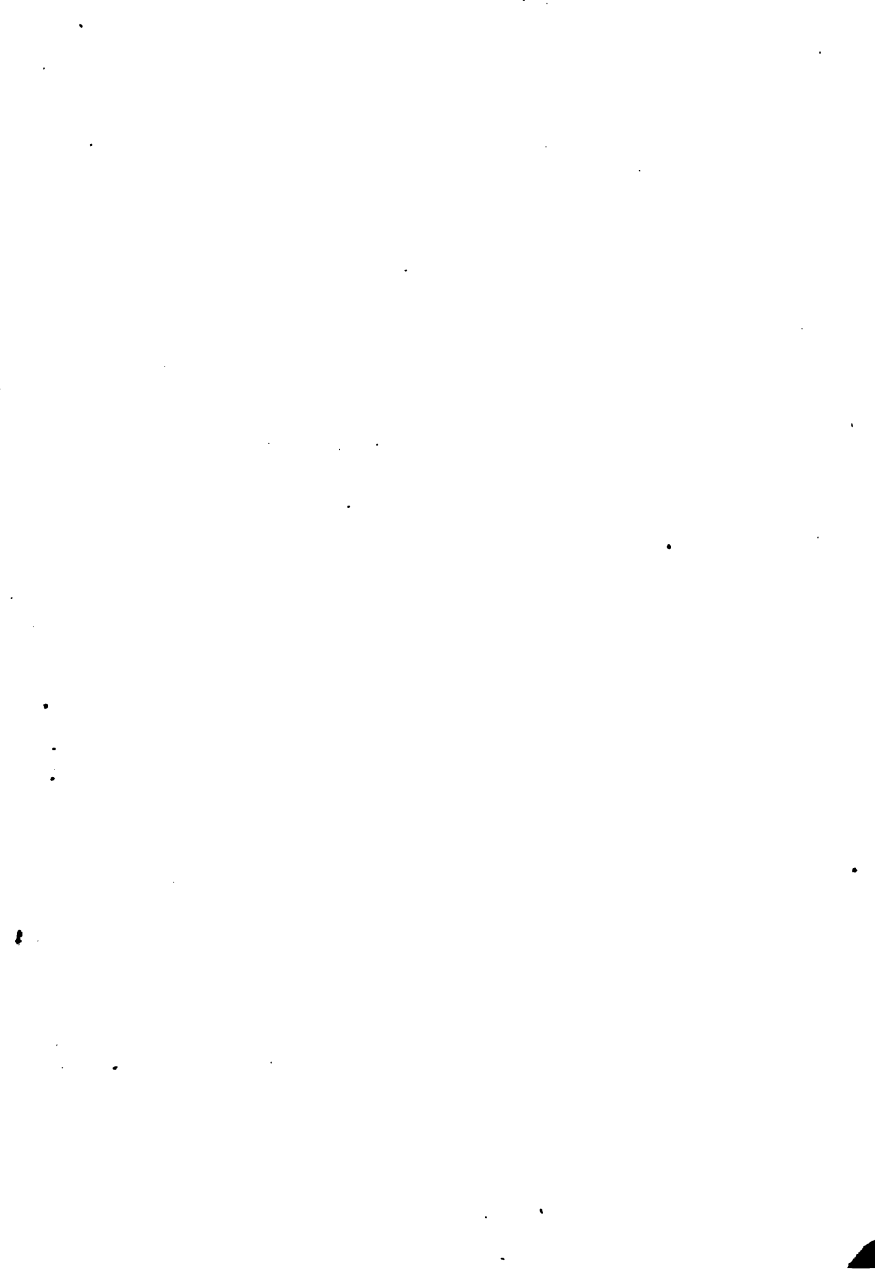
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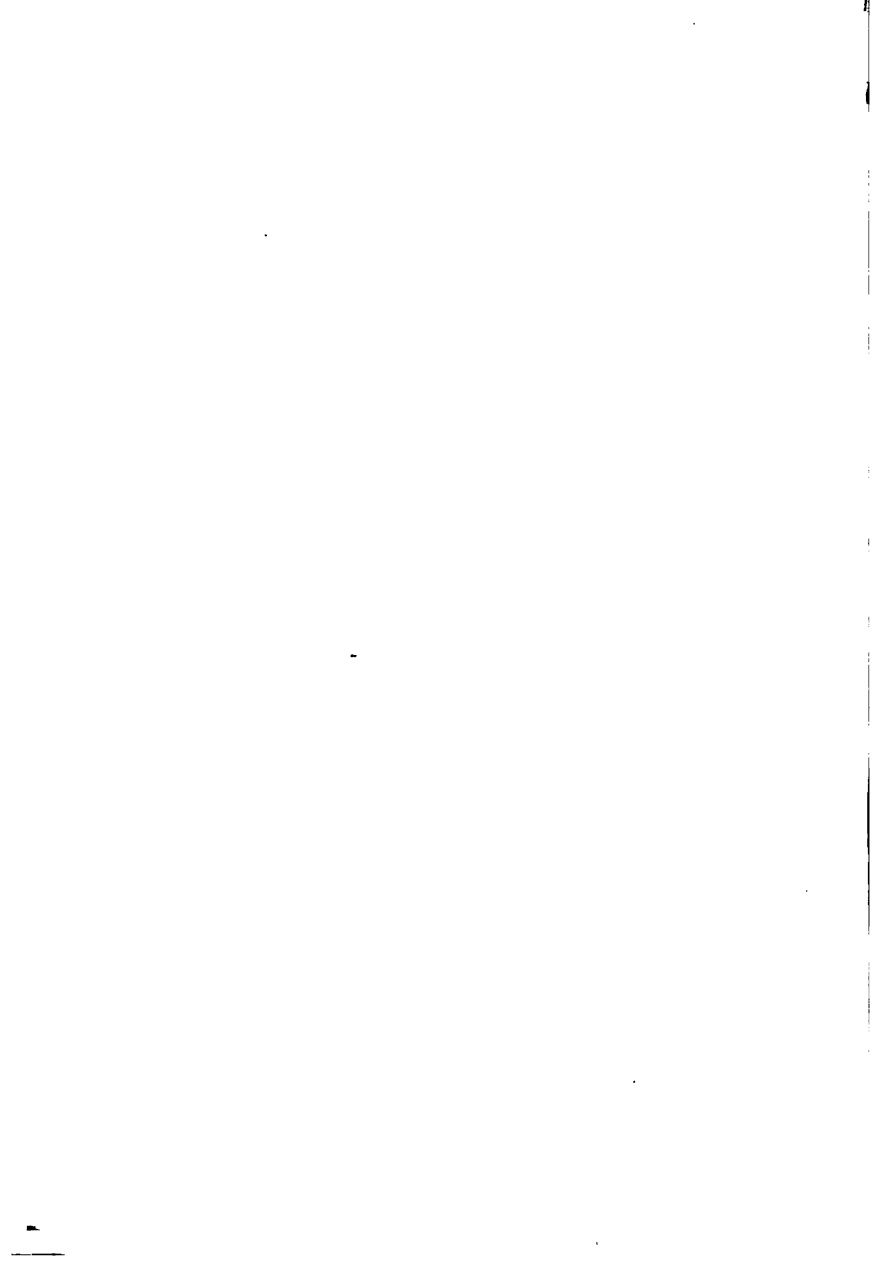
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CLASS OF 1877









SAINT PETER

SAINT PETER

BY

RICHARD ARNOLD GREENE



Boston
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1909

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TO
WILLIAM BRENTON GREENE, Jr., D.D.
THIS
LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED
WITH
LOVE AND GRATITUDE
BY HIS BROTHER

SAINT PETER.

"Thou shalt be called Rock."

АѢ! How He turned and looked on me, my Master;
ter;

Looked to the piercing of my very soul!
Then knew I well the might of sin's disaster;
Yet looked He still with love that said: "Be whole."

The crowds surrounded Him with scorn and jeering,
Vainly He sought among them one true friend;
He called me friend; I owed Him help and cheering;
ing;
But not on Simon could his Lord depend.

He looked on me when I had thrice denied Him,—
Him whom I swore I never would forsake:
I followed far who should have been beside Him;
Of Him, the Truth, with lying tongue I spake.

Yet He forgave me; yes, my Lord forgave me:
As once He saved me from the gulping sea,
So now, and evermore from sin He'll save me,
And Simon strengthen His true Rock to be.

A chaplet fair of passion-flowers I'll wreathe Him,
All for the pain He suffered for my sin;
Praises of perfect harmony I'll breathe Him
Who died to make His servant pure within.

What though a humble craftsman He,— all kingly
He stood upon the Galilean shore,
In thronging press, majestically, singly,—
King of my heart, then and for evermore.

Life's cares hung heavily upon me, tired;
From luckless fishing all the night, depressed;
Then to my boat came He my heart desired,
And, with His very presence, brought me rest.

I launched again, at His high word put forward;
My net once more I cast into the sea:
I hauled a draught; I could not drag it shore-
ward:—
Proud day for fisherman of Galilee!

With love, His own, He chained me; through and
through me

I felt, unknown, the might that man redeemed;
Hating my sin, I knew He could endue me
With purity of which I had but dreamed.

Thou knowest, Master, how I fell before Thee,—
What sense of guiltiness o'ercame me then,—
How for that word of hope I still adore Thee;
“Fear not! lo! from henceforth thou shalt catch
men.”

And I have caught them; it may hap, some strangers,
Through Pontus scattered, or in Asia's land,
For help to vanquish their soul's sin and dangers,
Reclaimed for Thee, are blessing Peter's hand.

Impulsive, proud, impatient of restraining,
Weak and unworthy, I have done the fisher's part,
But Christ has worked within me, loving, reigning,
For hire, bestowing souls on my glad heart.

With towering pride my spirit was uplifted,
When I had seen the hungry thousands fed;
I knew my Master with all might was gifted;
I hailed Him Juda's long-expected Head.

From Him I'll bear some high, supreme commis-
sion;

My sword shall make the tyrant Roman quail!
Thus swelled my heart, with vanity's ambition,
Nor sought a kingdom farther than earth's pale.

The thousands satisfied, now homeward wending,
With songs of wonder filled the evening air,
While to the lonely mountain height ascending,
The Master sought His Father's face in prayer.

I, with my fellows, at our Lord's desire

Was sailing o'er the Galilean Sea:

Loud blew the wind; high rose the waves and
higher;

We shook for fear in our extremity.

Ah! yes, I feared,—disciple of the Master

Who'd fed five thousand with five loaves of bread;

The dread of death fast held the heart and faster

Of him who'd seen Christ Jesus raise the dead.

Tossed to and fro, how longed I for the morning!

How yearned I for my Lord, my lot to share!

How oft I'd failed to follow His clear warning!

Pride filled my heart, while His was filled with
prayer.

Lost? When the Master told me I'd be winning

Souls for His Kingdom and disciples true;

Catcher of men, sunk low in seas of sinning,
Doomed now to perish, with such hope in view?

Look, look; behold that spirit slowly gliding,
By surging waves untroubled, pure and bright!
Where far shall I my sinful soul be hiding
Before that form who comes with death to smite?

Slow roll the hours in darkness and in wildness;
Like the wild waves the tumult in my heart,
When, rapture! in His majesty and mildness,
I see my Lord a billowy pathway part.

Straightway He called, but in no tones that frightened —

That easy Conqueror of wind and wave — :
“Be of good cheer; 'tis I; fear not;” and lightened,
My heart praised Him who came His own to save.

"Lord, be it Thou," I cried; "then bid me meet
Thee

Upon the water," and He bade me come :
With heart of pride I went, my Lord, to greet Thee,
To all the teaching of Thy meekness numb.

Methought in folly, bravery parading,
To win my Master's praise and fair renown;
In place of lowliness's wreath unfading
I grasped at vanity's swift-fleeting crown.

High place I craved beside Thy throne, Lord Jesus,
I, shrinking then before the wind and wave;
I, would-be treader of the billows grievous,
Yet 'neath them sinking, crying out, "Lord, save."

And He does save me — He, the strong and fearless,
How can He say that I shall yet be Rock?

He saves me, and the night no more is cheerless;
Hope's beaming angels round the Day Spring
flock.

My Lord is in the boat; the wind is over;
My Lord is in the boat; I'm by His side:—
He, calm and patient: I, the restless rover;
He, the meek King: I, servant filled with pride.

I craved for Him a throne whose fame would
perish;
I knew but little of His Throne of grace:
Yet did He tenderly my poor love cherish;
And will, until I stand before His face.

Why came from me to Christ supreme assurance
That He none other was than Son of God?
Weak, in His hour of pain, with small endurance,
Why to His heart did I this joy afford?

He knows; I know not; Him I know — Redeemer;
I knew He loved and held me all along.
In Him I'll be a doer, not a dreamer;
My King is He, and in this faith I'm strong.

That Christ was Son of God the Heavenly Father
Was not revealed to me by flesh and blood:
No brother's lips had taught me, but the rather
The truth from heav'n streamed on me like a flood.

That He was Son of God, by revelation,
From God, the Father's heart to my heart came:
So said my Lord, and I know my salvation
Is only through believing in His name.

For my confession Christ shall call me Peter;
He said on me that He His Church would build.
Could not the Master choose foundation meeter;
Servant with His Good Spirit deeper filled?

He knows, Who weakest human hearts can
strengthen

For work which angels long in vain to do;
And He His servant Simon's days will lengthen
Until his earthly mission be well through.

I knew He was my Lord, yet to His sorrow,
Proudly I scorned for Him the blessed Cross:

I could not see the King of Love's to-morrow,
The glory, after what seemed then like loss.

"Get thee behind me, Satan"—words of warning
My Master spoke to me. Ah! how they sting!
Yet I the sacrifice of Jesus scorning
No less a judgment from His hand could bring.

Thy followers, through paths of self-effacing,
Through valleys of humility and love;
The stones of ridicule and hate displacing,
Must win their crowns of righteousness above.

Lord, let my words of Thy dear Kingdom savor;
From earthliness and ease I would arise;
To blood resisting, let no fear nor favor
Control me, nor impair my sacrifice.

Oh! forward lips of mine — not Hermon's splendor

Nor presence of each sainted prophet guest
Could them restrain, nor make my heart surrender
The thought of earthly throne where Christ should
rest.

Three tents of wattled boughs — a camp abiding
For Jesus, Moses and Elijah I,
With hope of present rest, would be providing;
Would chain the saints from their fair home on
high.

His own pure heav'n its sunny rays was flinging
On Jesus' countenance, white as the light;
Still to my dream of earthly kingship clinging,
I would detain my Master in my sight.

His glowing face and dress, that hour too fleeting,
Are memory's dear treasure all my days.
There Son and Father heart to heart were meeting,
And earth with heav'nly radiance was ablaze.

Ah! how could I my heav'n-crowned King on
Hermon

See bear on Calvary such shame and loss?
Ah! how could I who heard His mountain sermon,
Discouraged, watch Him nailed upon His Cross?

With prophets and apostles Jesus entered
The cloud that settled down on Hermon's peak:
I trembled, yet e'en then my heart was centred
On Him who came my straying soul to seek.

Lord, I have loved Thee ever since I knew Thee,
E'er since Thou calledst me to fish for men.

I failed Thee once — Thy friend — when foemen
slew Thee;

But trust me, Lord; I'll fail Thee not again.

The cloud passed by, and ceased the Father's voicing

That high command to hear His well-loved Son:
Brief the refreshment; briefer the rejoicing
For Christ, with crown and palm yet to be won.

The prophets, too, had passed; yet were we lonely,
My fellow-servants, James and John and I?
Oh! not with Jesus with us, Jesus only,—
Light of the cloud, Light of our noon-day sky!

Light of my heart, though passed beyond my vision!
Thou knowest, Master, that I love Thee still:
My weakness Thou art changing to decision,
And Simon, to the Peter of Thy will.

Son of God's love — how could they crucify Him?

How pierce the stainless Head with crown of
thorn?

And how could I, who walked with Him, deny Him?

Well might Jerusalem's fair daughters mourn.

He heard their mourning, marked my bitter weep-
ing;

Their open sympathy did Jesus bless,
And Simon's tears within His true heart keeping,
He saw the love beneath the faithlessness.

He knew His recreant loved Him: for to Peter,
He from the open tomb sent special word
When He arose. Was message ever sweeter,
By mortal, wrapped in sorrow, heard?

Christ, for my sins once dying, now arisen
To justify me in the Father's sight —
This message none can in my heart imprison;
I'll herald it afar by day and night.

Christ risen — truth, earth's darkest days adorning,
Christ risen, blessing from death's curse to bring.
Christ risen — pure and strong as cloudless morn-
ing.
Christ risen — primal Victor o'er death's sting.

I saw Him where the thorny crown had bound
Him;
Saw where the spear had pierced my Master's
side;
My Master still; my tender Friend I found Him.
Ah! yes, but once the Crucified.

Christ risen — well may Simon's lips proclaim Him;
Simon, denying Him when nigh to death;

His Saviour Risen, well may Simon name Him;
Christ risen preach till his last breath.

Till He shall come to call me to the Life Immortal,—
And He the Day Spring bring me to His Day,—
Till His pierced hand shall ope for me heaven's
portal;
Christ risen I'll proclaim through all Life's way.

Simon, his Lord about to die, denying,
Peter, his Lord arisen, has confessed:
My dying Lord who pardoned my base lying,
Risen, my witnessing for Him hath blest.

'Twas Simon, weak and faithless, who denied Him;
'Tis Peter's sight that for that deed is dim:
'Twas Simon, silent when they crucified Him;
'Tis Peter, witnessing alone through Him.

Fair Galilee! How bright the sunrise glistened,
With myriad smiling beams upon thy breast!
How for the morning songs we sighed and listened,
Through luckless fishing all the night, oppressed!

Sweeter than morning song the voice that thrilled
us

Across the water in the rosy light:
Blest was the springing hope, the joy that filled us,
Forgetfulness of all the weary night.

It was Thy voice, my blessed Lord, that lifted
The weariness and sorrow from my soul;
It was Thy presence that the morning gifted
With joy that made Thy heart-sick servant whole.

Why did'st Thou ask me: "Dost thou love me?"

Why did'st Thou press the question on me thrice?

Did'st hold Thyself in wounded pride above me?

Would'st Thou extort from me some sacrifice?

No, no: but by the lips that thrice denied Thee

'Twas meet that triple witness should be borne,

To love that only longs for place beside Thee,

To smooth the brow, for me once pierced with
thorn.

'Twas Simon to his Master played the liar,

Who for that deed in bitter anguish wept;

'Tis Peter, in whose heart love's steadfast fire

Must glow for Him who all His ways hath kept.

No more by peaceful waters Galilean

Shall I with Jesus break the long night fast;

Yet from my heart shall daily rise a pæan

For hope of Home with Him, life's surges past.

Well might my comrades, servants of the Master,
Have thrust me from th' apostolic band:
But though my sin was vast, their love was vaster,
Their brother, fallen low, they made to stand.

They knew I loved Thee, Lord — that no seceder
I, in my heart of hearts, from Thee would be;
They let me, once so faithless, be their leader;
They knew that Thou this place had'st kept for
me.

Base coward though I was, Thy Spirit in me
Yet made me bold to speak at Pentecost;
Thy mighty love to bravery could win me;
Thou would'st not let my trembling soul be lost.

Thy foes were there that day, a motley number,—

They who had said Thou must be crucified;

But I who in Thine agony could slumber,

At Pentecost did true to Thee abide.

The price Thou paidest for my soul's salvation,

The fire God made within my heart to burn,

Thy cup of scorn, Thy dark humiliation

Could lead me only to Thy side to turn.

By my once lying lips Thou wast defended

As Prince and Saviour of Thine Israel,

For our foul sin upon the Cross extended,

That evermore for us it might be well.

The cloven tongue on faithless Simon flaming

Was fed with fire from Jesus' suffering heart;

His Master's pangs poor Simon's fears are shaming,

Till Peter takes that patient Master's part.

'Twas through His Spirit, then uplifting, blessing,
That, grieving for the Crucifixion's stain,
Came thousands at my word, their sin confessing;
From Satan's thrall, with Christ in life to reign.

Why not by John, who such true love had shown
Him,
Who ne'er with sin like mine His heart could
shock,

Did He not make His enemies first own Him?
He knows who said that I should be called Rock.

For Simon weak the blessing might be sweeter
Of strength bestowed, his Master to defend:
He knows who said that I should be called Peter;
Through all my weakness, pride and fear, my
Friend.

Oh! Master, give me purer lips to bless Thee,
A heart more filled like Thine with quenchless
love;
Help me to live and die but to confess Thee,
My heart set only on the things above.

Then, by and by, Thy loving friend Thou'lt claim
me
Among the ransomed by the crystal sea;
Forgiven, strong — Thou for a crown shalt name
me,
Thy once weak follower by Galilee.

How eager in the days gone by the longing
That surged within my heart for this world's
gain;

How often there the memories are thronging
Of false ambition only fraught with pain.

"What, therefore, shall we have," I asked my Master,

"Because we have left all and followed Thee?"
I from His hand would win possessions vaster,
Dominion stretching over shore and sea.

The sun arising o'er the hills in glory,
With rose bestrewing all the waiting West;
The turning pages of old Nature's story
No charm for my unseeing soul possessed.

I knew, I felt not that to be with Jesus

Was wealth untold, and privilege unpriced:

'Twas Simon then who bore the world weights
grievous;

'Tis Peter now, rich through the grace of Christ.

The cripple, by the Temple gate remaining,

A largess would receive from John and me;

Through pain and weariness his hope was waning;

A cripple all his life he thought to be.

Then, Lord, how sang Thy servant's heart for glad-
ness

For knowledge that he owned Thy gift to cure;

To heal the body, and dispel the sadness

That souls for bodies' ailments must endure.

No silver and no gold had I, a stranger;

A pilgrim, called from place to place to roam;—

I, follower of Christ through toil and danger;

I, subject of the King without a home.

Yet I, a citizen of God's fair city,

Had wealth without a taint of evil breath;

A soul to sympathize, a heart to pity;

Power straight from Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Lord, to that body, bound by many a fetter,

Thou gavest me the power to bring release;

And for that soul, my Master — how far better! —

Through me Thou sentest gifts of health and
peace.

The sun on its declining pathway brighter,

With glory tinged the Temple's fairest gate:

From gloom the cripple passed to regions lighter;

With buoyant step and heart on Christ to wait.

'Twas Simon who had craved earth's poor enriching;
Its thrones and principalities and powers;
Its vain emoluments; its flatteries bewitching;
Its gems swift tarnishing; its fading flowers.

'Twas Simon faintly moved toward life completer,—
The riches of the grace of Christ, his Lord;
But now, with overflowing heart, 'tis Peter
Who for that wealth his Master hath adored.

To lead to health both souls and bodies ailing;
To guide to ways of peace the child of strife;
From lights of earth, uncertain, flickering, paling,
To turn earth's children to the Light of Life:—

For wealth like this, poor Simons, sad and tired,
With all your hearts have ye not learned to long?
To Peter's Master turn, your heart's Desired;
The riches of His grace shall make you strong.

Truth, perfect Truth! Sail over seas to find it;
Search distant lands; delve in the mines of old:
If haply found, then fast to thy heart bind it;
Its price eclipses all earth's stores of gold.

And yet upon the Truth mine eyes have rested;
I've touched His hand; I've seen His dwelling-
place.

With His pure mantle He hath me invested,
Who once the liar played before His face.

Why, through my lips, did He to Ananias,
And to Sapphira their death-sentence give?

Why should these twain through speedy judgment
die as

Base criminals, and I, false Simon, live?

He knows, of every heart the crystal Reader;

He knows who owns this sinful heart of mine,
Who chose me to become the Church's leader,—
Light of the World, through whom His servants
shine.

He knows who saw beneath my faithless fearing

The love that every fear afar should thrust;
He knows, my Master true, for whose appearing
I wait; to whom I all my ways entrust.

White Truth was He; by no implied denial

Would He forego the bitter cup of death,
Nor win release from agony and trial
At which all Nature, darkened, held her breath.

My Lord! For that far day when Simon failed

 Thee,

Thou knowest Peter grieveth through and

 through:

Thy friend I stand, 'gainst all who have assailed

 Thee;

Oh! Master, to Thy Cross let me be true.

My days on earth, with danger oft surrounded,
With toil and pain and hardship still replete,
By Christ, my Master's love and care are bounded;
The path He trod brings honor to my feet.

Once in Jerusalem, laid low in prison,
Between two soldiers tied, with guards around,—
For my release I never could have risen;
Agrippa's sword, defenseless, me had found.

In stirring life, in threatening death, Christ near
me,
Alarm can nevermore my soul distress;
My Shepherd Lord in danger's hour shall cheer me;
His presence can my darkest dungeon bless.

When King Agrippa would have slain me sleeping,
 I lay unconscious of his dark design;
 My Master by His power my life was keeping,
 My Lord ascended — more than ever mine.

They who would harm the friends of Christ arisen,
 In darkness sinning, quail before His light.
 Bright glory from His throne illumed my prison;
 His angel smote me, girded with God's might.

When Christ was led to death from scorn and
 scourging,
 When He defenceless hung upon the Cross,
 No word of love on His acceptance urging,
 My heart succumbed in presence of my loss.

When Jesus cried: " My God, why hast Thou Me
 forsaken? "

In pain unpriced for hiding of His Father's face,

When sunny day by night was overtaken,
What bitterness within my heart had place !

With death in view, His love upon me shining,
My prison flooded with its cheering glow ;
But when in outer darkness He was pining,
No sympathy of mine did Jesus know.

He died in gloom : I, through His light am living ;
Black clouds were His : mine glow with sunny
rim ;

His foes His spirit bled : He died forgiving ;
He died for me : and I will live for Him.

Back to the light of day He brought His servant,
Through dangers guided by His angel's hand,
That I might with a love and zeal more fervent
Perform the work which for my life He'd planned.

Though my frail body's days be swiftly fleeting,
None shall my heaven-uplifted spirit mock:
The Day of days for me is near, the meeting
With Him who said that I should be called Rock.

Faint-hearted once, now with an aim unswerving,
I'll work for Thee, my Lord, strong through Thy
 grace,
Till this world's prison past, I shall be serving
In light and love undreamed before Thy face.

Self-willed, my Master, I am long in learning
That Thou for me must order all things well;
In self-sufficient pride Thy counsel spurning,
Can I again Thy loving care repel?

Back through the years, to blessed days Judean,
My thoughts have centered on a vision sweet;
I see my Lord, the kingly Galilean,
Low-bent, and girt to wash His servants' feet.

King of the Jews to do such work: no, never!
"Lord, Thou shalt never wash my feet," I cried:
Thus did I set a bound to Christ's endeavor
To teach His followers to banish pride.

Then when He told me of the separation

That must my life from His dear life untie

If I refused this office; how salvation

From daily sin was typified thereby,—

With thoughtless, yearning zeal I cried: “Not only

My feet, Lord, but my hands and head as well”—

Oh! patient King, once suffering and lonely,

Bear with thy stubborn child of Israel.

Lord, when shall Simon learn that what Thou sayest

Comes from a loving heart and passing wise?

Not till on Peter's conquered head Thou layest

The hard-won prize—the palms of Paradise.

No more to magnify my own opinion;

To sit, as Mary sat, low at Thy feet;

To yield Thee o'er my heart and will dominion—

When shall the lesson be for me complete?

Chaff from the wheat, within my soul unbeaten —

How doth this chaff of pride my soul demean? —

“Not so, my Lord: for I have never eaten

Of anything deemed common or unclean.”

Thus still, in spite of all Thy faithful teaching,

Thine, Lord, reviled, reviling not again,

With vain and self-sufficient speech outreaching,

In my late years I filled Thy heart with pain.

Three times for me didst Thou repeat the vision

Of sheet, with beasts for food, dropped from the
skies:

At first I well-nigh spurned it with derision,

In things beyond me claiming to be wise.

Then showedst Thou to me, Lord, that the blessing

Of Thy pure Gospel was for all the world;

That over all Thy name of Names confessing

The banner of Thy love should be unfurled.

With vigor hath the prince of this world striven
To bind poor Simon's soul with cords of pride;
But, by that prince's Conqueror, forgiven,
Shall Peter in humility abide.

Why by the Sea of Galilee, a fisher

Have I not spent my life until this day?

A friend in truth was he — my soul's well-wisher,

Who turned my steps to walk in Jesus' way.

'Twas his surpassing love for souls,— my brother's,—

When he beheld Thee first — the Lamb of God,

That led him, halting not, to seek for others

To serve with him the Master he adored.

Though Christ His Church on Peter shall have
builted;

Though through my lips Thy love Thou dost pro-
claim,

With everlasting honor shall be gilded

My self-forgetting brother Andrew's name.

Would I have lifted even one hosanna,
 Or uttered e'en one message of Christ's love,
 Would I have waved afar the Gospel banner
 To draw Earth's children to the things above,—

If that dear brother had not turned and sought me,
 And led me to the Shepherd-King divine? —
 To life and light indeed from death he brought me;
 My heart shall ever bless thee, brother mine.

How many in the heat of passion fuming,
 How many choked with riches and with care,
 Would I have led within God's gardens blooming
 To living waters and benignant air:

How many souls by Juda's byways bounded,
 By Galilean hill and shore confined,
 By walls of Babylon restrained, surrounded,—
 Souls whom the World Prince sought to bind,—

Would I have rescued from their dreary sinning,
And pointed to Jerusalem the Free,
If Andrew, when his service was beginning,
Had not to Jesus swiftly gathered me?

Go forth, my brothers, who have found our Master;
Like Andrew go; bring others to His side:
'Tis late; the night of death is falling faster;
Bring them to shelter with the Lord who died.

Be girded with humility adorning;
For souls to Christ led home seek no reward:
Awakened in the Resurrection morning,
How fond will be the welcome of your Lord!

I've watched Euphrates' ripples gleam and quiver ;
Old Babylon aglow with sunset gold :
Now with my heart I see the Throne-fed River,
The City shining with God's light untold.

I've gazed upon the mountains Cappadocian,
Protecting fair and fertile vales of wheat :
Now answering my eager heart's devotion,
The summer hills of heav'n its vision greet.

On Pontus' coast I've viewed the billows breaking ;
Low-bending ships before the tempest flee :
Now, with my heart I see the morning waking
On that fair shore that knows no troubled sea.

I've wandered here; I've wandered there; I'm tired;

Kind to my aching limbs, I'd welcome rest:

But still the Land my heart has long desired

Before me lies, untrodden, unpossessed.

Dost thou still need me here? I will not falter;

For any waiting conflicts make me bold:

I'll hold no sacrifice, Lord, from Thine altar;

Kindle in me new zeal, if I am cold.

Once Thou wast cold; friends of Thy heart's desire

Had left Thee, with Thy bitter death in view;

One sat and warmed his body by the fire,

While Thy great soul was shivering through and
through.

Cold, for the warmth of sympathy withholden;

Cold, for the hiding of the Father's face,—

Could naught Thy weak disciple's heart embolden

To cheer his Master, full of truth and grace.

Ah, dreary vision of the High Priest's palace,
Pass from my sight! I love Thee, Christ, my
King.

I let Thee drink alone the bitter chalice;
But left that faithless deed with me no sting?

Sting only that Thy quenchless love could soften,
My Lord, who bore the sting of thorn for me;
The scourge, the nails, revilings often,
The Cross of shame, my soul from death to free.

My Master told me that by crucifixion
My death should be; I hail it as a crown:
But not for me His counterpart affliction;
Let me be crucified with my head down.

When will the day-dawn break in joy and wonder,
With the last flicker of this mortal lamp?
When shall I cease to keep this body under?
When shall I leave for aye this pilgrim camp?

In Babylon, in Galilee, Judea,

Or with my brother Paul in distant Rome,
Shall I be carried from this alien sphere?

It matters not, since I am going Home.

No Jewish Magnate, nor the World-king Nero

With threat of death my soul can now distress.
I'll wait Christ's time, or follow Him, my Hero,
E'en now with joy, through pain to blessedness.

Save only once He called me Simon; fleeter

Fly hours; break day for which my heart doth
long;

When I shall hear again my Lord say: "Peter";
And He shall find His once weak servant strong.

The night was dark, but Jesus sought me,—

Lost straying sheep, impatient of control;

Love-captured, to His fold and heart He brought
me,—

The Shepherd and the Bishop of my soul.

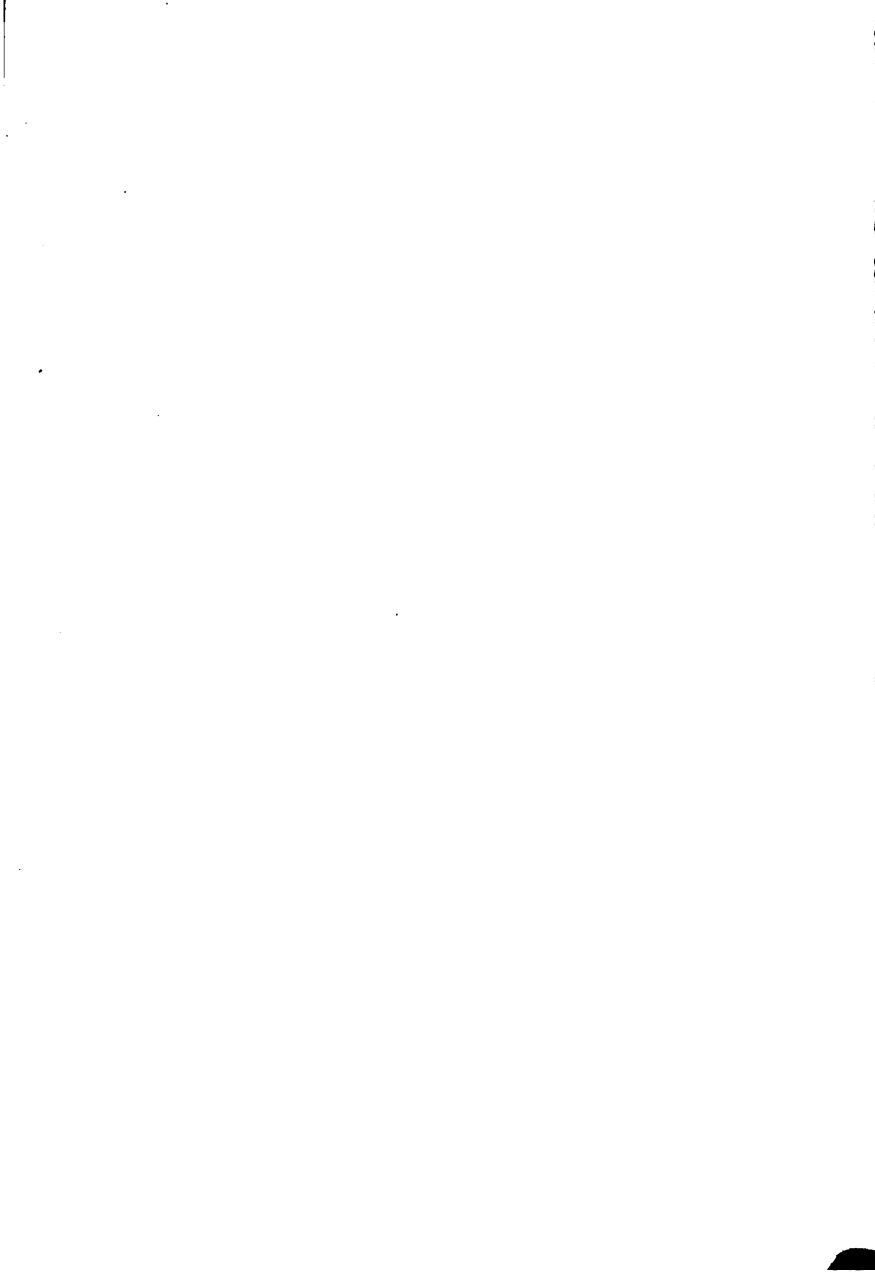
He fed me, led me; patient with my weakness,
Forgave me when I tore His heart with pain;
He proved my love; He changed my pride to meek-
ness,

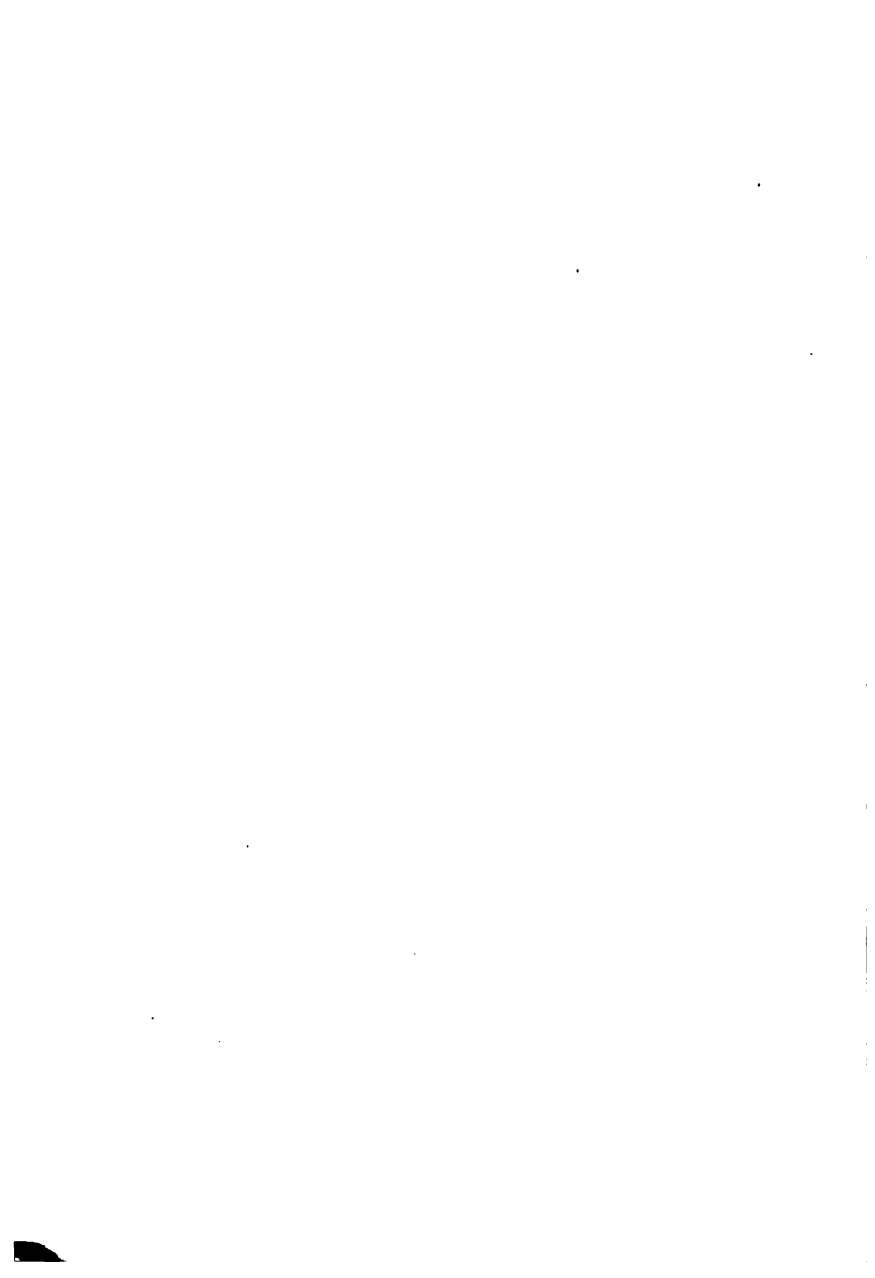
And for His service made me strong again.

Far over seas my Master's Name is spreading;
The alien races in their sin and pride
Look up where He His healing beams is shedding,
And glory only in the Crucified.

The right to lead in me my Lord investing,
His Church's rock, I through His Word am
known:

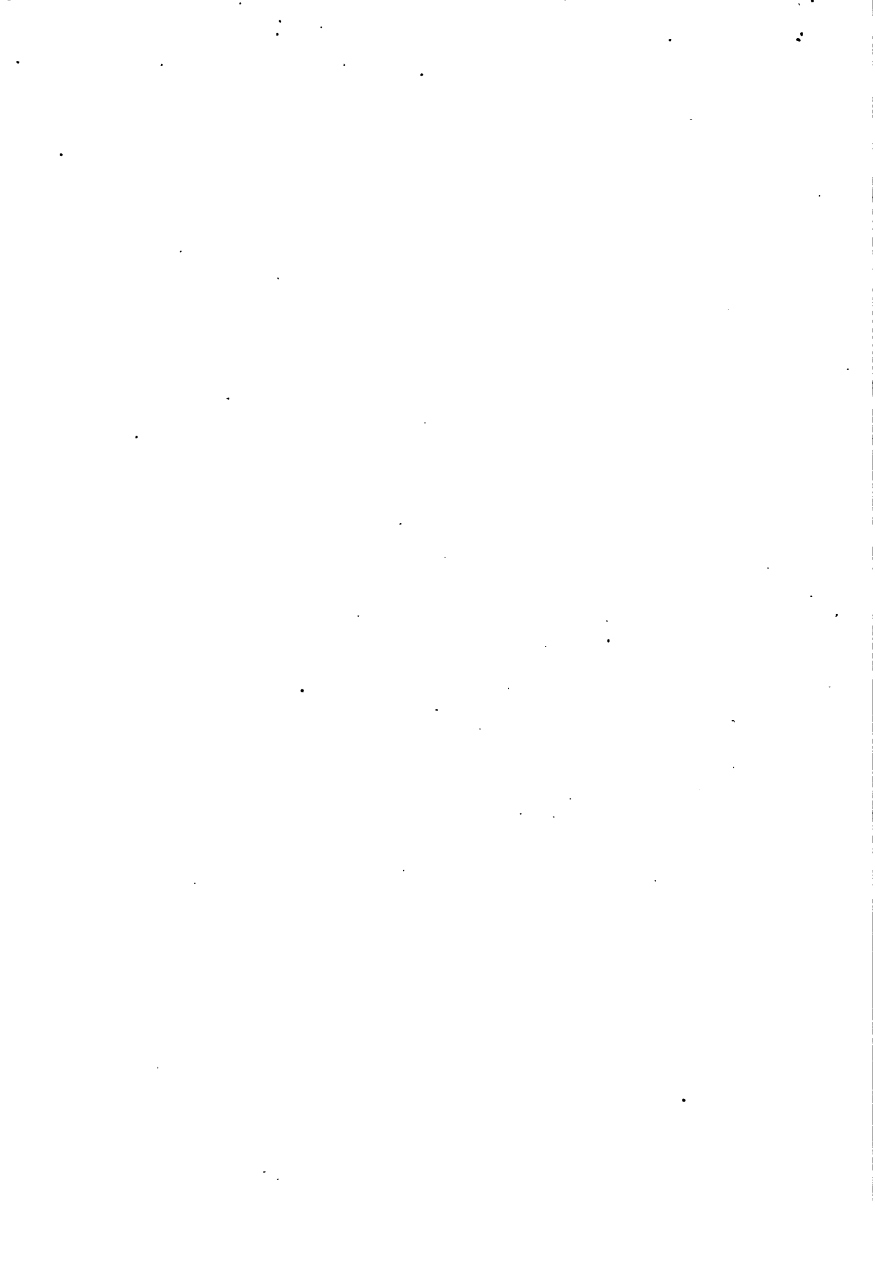
But only on my Master's strength I'm resting;
The Church is built on Christ, her Corner Stone.











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